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DIALOGUE OF COURTSHIP,
BETWEEN
JOCKEY and MAGGY,

As they were coming from the Market.

OR, THE
Wonderful Works of our JOHN.

PART I.

Giving excellent Instructions how to court
a Country Girl.



Printed in the Year 1793.



A
 DIALOGUE of COURTSHIP,
 BETWEEN
 JOCKEY and MAGGY,
 OR, THE
Wonderful Works of our JOHN.
 P A R T I.

JOCKEY **H**Y Maggy, wilt thou stay and tak kent fouks
 hame wi ye the night?

MAGGY Wiltu come away then Johnny, I fain wad
 be hame or the kye come in, or meikle Riggy is sic a
 rumbling royte, she rins ay thro the byre, and flicks a'
 the bits a couties; my mither is na able to hade her up
 to her ain stake.

JOCKEY Hute, we'll be hame in braw time woman:
 and how's a your fouks at hame?

MAGGY Indeed I canna well tell you-man, our guidame
 is a' gane wi' the gut; my mither is very frail, and my father
 he's ay wandering about, and widdling amang the beasts.

JOCKEY But dear Maggy they tell me we're gawa to
 get a wedding of thee and Andrew Merry-mouth, the
 lairds garner.

MAGGY Na, na, he maun hae a brawer lass to be his
 wife than the like o'me, but auld Tammy Tailtrees was
 seeking me, but my father wad a haen me to tak him, but
 my mither wadna let; there was a nod debate about it,
 my grancy wad flicket my mither wi' the grape, if my
 father had na chanc'd to founder her wi' the beetle.

JOCKEY Hech woman, I think your father was a fool
 for fasting wi' him; auld slavery daf, he wants naething
 of a cow but the clutes, your guidame may tak him hersel,
 twa auld tottering stumps, the tane may fair the tither
 fu' well.

MAGGY Ach man! I wad a tane thee or any body to
 hane them greed agen, my father bled my guidame's nose,
 and my guidame brake my mither's thum: the neighbours
 came a' running in; but I had the luck to had my father's
 hands, till yence the my guidame ploted him wi the broc
 thar made our brose.

JOCKEY Dear Maggy, I hae something to tell you an ye wadna be angry at it?

MAGGY O Johnny! there's my hand I'll be no be angry at it, be what it will.

(Shakes hands for fear of an outcast)

JOCKEY Indeed Maggy, the fouk of your town and the fouk of our town, says, we are gawn to be married: What say'st thou?

MAGGY I wish we ne'er do war; O Johnny! I dream'd o' you lang syne, an I liket you ay after that.

JOCKEY O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind since I came to your father's bill, wi my mither's cow, ye ken she wadna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; ay after that they scorned me, that I wad be married on you.

MAGGY Its very true man, it'll be a nod thing an it be; but its no fa' back at my door, I assure ye.

JOCKEY Nor at mine, but my mither bad me kiss me.

MAGGY Indeed fall ye Johnny, thou's no want iwa kisses man, aye on every side of the mouth.

JOCKEY Ha! ha! Maggy, I'll hae a merry night a kissing you shortly.

MAGGY Ay but Johnny, you maun stay till that night come: It's best to keep the feast until the feast day.

JOCKEY Dinna be angry Maggy, my wife to be, but I have heard my mither saying in her dassing, that fouk should ay try gin their house will had their plenishen.

MAGGY Ay but Johnny, a wife is ae thing, and a house anither, a man that's a mind to marry a woman, he'll no mak her a where.

JOCKEY It's a true Maggy, but fouks may do it yence or they be married, and no hae nae ill in their minds.

MAGGY Aha Johnny, mony a ane has been beguil'd wi yence, and do it yence ye may do it ay, what an we get a baltard, and hae to suffer for the foul act of fornication.

JOCKEY Ay, but my mither says, if I dinna get thee wi bairn, I'll not get thee; so its the surest way of wooing.

MAGGY Indeed Johnny I like you better nor ony lad I see, and I fall marry you an aence my father's muck were out, my mither donna wrik at the midden.

JOCKEY Ah Maggy, Maggy, I am feared ye beguile me, and then my mither will murder me for being so silly.

MAGGY My jo Jockey, tell your mither to provide a thing for the brithel, and I shall marry you in three weeks after this, but we maun gie in filler to the presenter, a groat and a drink to the bellman, and then the kirk wa's maun hear o't three sundays or it come.

JOCKEY But Maggy I'm no to mak a blin bargain wi you or na body, I maun ken a your things an ye sell ken o'mine.

MAGGY I ken well what I was to get, an gin my mither like the bargain she'll make it better: But an my father be angry at our match, I dare not meet you to be married.

JOCKEY I see na how he can be angry, I wat well I'm a gay sturdy fellow, when I laid a bow and five pecks o' beer on the lairds Bawfey, and he's as bilkly a beast as in a the Barrenry.

MAGGY Ay but my mither is ay angry at ony body that evens themselves to me, an it binna them she likes, indeed she bad me take ony body if it were not auld tottring Tammie, for his beard is ay brown wi sucking tobacco, and flavers a' the breast o' his fecket.

JOCKEY O Maggy I take me and I'll tell you what I hae; first my father left me when he died, fifty merks, twa secks, twa pair o' sunks, the hens, and the gawn gear was to be divided between me and my mither; and if she died first a her gear was to come in amang mine, an if I died before her, a my gear was to come back to her again, and her to marry anither man if she cou'd get him. But since it's happen'd sae she is to gie me bruckey and the black mare, the hafe o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets and a can'as, she's to big twa bay to her ain gavel to be adwelling house for me an my wife, I'm to get the wee byre at the end of the raw, for to haud my cow and twa routies; the hafe o' the barn an a bed o' the kail-yard, as lang as she lives, an when she dies I'm to pay the carding o' her hauchty; and a' the o'ercome is to be my ain; an by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

MAGGY Truly Johnny, I se no say meikle to the contrair, but an ye hae a mind to tak me wi what I hae, tell me either now or never, for I se be married or lang gae.

JOCKEY I wat well I am courting in earnest, tell me what you hae, and well sae nae mair but marry ither.

MAGGY I'll tell you a' I ken o', what e'er my granny gin's ye's get.

JOCKEY That's right, I want nae mair, its an unco thing to marry a faked woman and get naithing but twa bair legs.

MAGGY O Johnny you are in the right o't, for mony ane is begu'd, and gets naething, but my father is to gie me forty pund Scots, that night I am married, a lade o' meal, a furler of groats, auld Crummie is mine since she was a case, and now she has a stirk will tak the bill e'er Beltan yet, I hae twa siane o' good lin, and three pocks o'tow, a good case-bed, twa bolsters, and three cods, with three pair of blankets, and a covering; for by twa pair to spin, but my mither wadna gie me crish to them, and ye ken the butter is dear now.

JOCKEY Then farewell the nicht Maggy; the best o' friends maun part, and so must thy twa legs yet.

MAGGY I wish you well, Johnny; I'll say nae mair till we be married.

Hame gaed Maggy and tell'd her Mither.

MAGGY O Mithet! I hae something to tell ye, but ye mauna tell me father.

MITHER Dear Maggy, and what is that?

MAGGY Deed nither I'm gawn to be married, aence the muck were out.

MITHER Dear Maggy, and wha is thou gawn to get, its no auld bubbly Tammie?

MAGGY Na, na, he's a braw young man, and has mair gear nor ilka body kens o', geis an I'll tell you, its Johnny Bell, and his mither sent him to the market jost to court me.

MITHER Deed Maggy you'll no be ill yoked wi him, he's a gay well gaen fellow, right spruch, amaisht like an ill far'd gentleman. Hey guidman, do ye hear that our Maggy is gawn to be married an the muck were out.

FATHER Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats be cussen and hurl'd.

MAGGY O Father! its dangerous to delay the like o' that, I like him, and he likes me, its best to strike the iron when its hot.

FATHER And wha is she gaun to get guidwife?

MITHER And wha think you guidman!

FATHER A what wat I herie, an she please her self I'm pleas'd already.

MITHER Indeed she's gaun to get Johnny Bell, as cliver a little fellow, as in a' the Barrenry where he bites.

FATHER A well a well herie, she's your's as well as mine, gie here to wha ye please.

MITHER A well Maggy, I'll hae a' thing ready an I'll hae thee married or this month be done.

MAGGY Thanks te ye mither, mony a good turn ye do me, and this will be the best, I think.

Hame gaed Jockey to his mither crying.

JOCKEY **M**ITHER! Mither! I made it out, her mouth is sweeter na milk, my heart plays a whillie whaltie when I kifs her.

MITHER Fair fa thee my son Johnny thous gotten the gate o'r at last, and when art thou gaun to be married?

JOCKEY When I like mither, but get the masons the morn, and big me my house, for I'll hae a' my things in right good order.

MITHER Thou want for naething, my bairn, but push forward as fast as ye can.

N. B. The wooing being o'er and the day being set, Jockey's mither killed the black, bull-horn'd yeal Ewe that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a guile fitted cock, to prevent the ripplet, five peck's o' oat, masket in the meikle kirn, a pint of trykle to make it thicker and sweeter, and meeter for the mouth; five pints of whiskey wherein was garlick and spice for repassing o' the wind, and clearing o' their water; the friends and good neighbours went wi Johnny to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, and was married by the minister: the twa companies joined together, and came home in a croud, every change-house they chanced to pass by, providence stopt their proceedings, with full stoups, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy; Jockey seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he had got to augment it, which afterwards coupt up him, and proved detrimental to the same.

So home they came to the dinner where his mither presented to them a piping hot haggies, made of the crish of the black boul-horn'd ewe, boil'd in the meikle bag, mixt with bear meal, unions, spice and mint; this haggies being fast warm, the foaming swats, and spice in the liquor, set Jockey's belly a bizing like a working fat, and he playing hot fit to the fidler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and arbanding, gave his dinner such a backward ca' that he lost all bat the gut bits, he scythed through his teeth; his mither cried to spence him, and bed him wi the bride, his breeks being fil'd, they wash'd both his hips, laid him in his bed, pale and ghastly was his face, and closed were both his e'en, Ach, crys his mother, a dismal day indeed, his brithel and his burial may baith be on ae day, some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi a needle; till he began to rouse himself up and rap out broken words, Mither, mither where am I now? Where are you now my bairn says his mither, ye'er bedet, and I'll bring the bride to you. Bedet, and is my brithel done ells. Ay, said she here's the bride to ly down wi you. Na, na, said he I'll no ly wi that unco woman indeed, if it binna heads and thraws, the way I lay with my mither: O fie dinna affront yoursel. The bride saus a crying, O mither! mither! was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man of manners and better mettle, poor thing meg, thou's caud thy hogs to a bonny marker. A bonny marker, says his mither, a shame sa you and him baith, he's wordy o' her tho' she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be. His friends and her friends being in mixt multitude, some took his part, and some took her's, there began a battle in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood, they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles and barrow-rams; pigs, pots, stoups, crunchers, were flying like bombs and granads, The crook, boulds, and tangs were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed with a great m^o of peets. So this is the end of JOCKEY and MAGGIE'S wedding.

The End of the first Part.

JOCKEY and MAGGY:

OR, THE

Wonderful Works of our JOHN.

PART II.

NOW though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly bedded, before a wheen rattling unruly witnesses, who dang down the bed aboon them, the battle still increased, and John's works turn'd out to be very wonderful; for he made Jennet, that was his mither's lass the last year, grow like an elshin' haff, and got his ain Maggy wi bairn forby.

The hamtheughs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to red them, and a sturdy auld fellow he was, stood stievely wi a stiff rump, and by strength of arms rave them findry, flinging the ane east and the ither west. Until they stood a' round about him, like as many breathless forefoughten cocks and no ane durst steer anither for him. Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, and proggat a' her hips on a round heckle; up the gat, and rinnig to fell Maggy's mither wi the laddle, swearing she was the mither of a' the mischief that happened, uncle Rabby ran in between them, and he having a great lang nose like a trumpeter, she recklessly came o'er his lobber-keb a drive wi the laddle, until the blood sprang out, and ran down his auld grey beard, and hang like snuffy-bubbles at it; O! then he gaed wod, and fought as waetn like; as he had been a tod-lowrie came frae worrying lambs, with his bloody mouth. Withat he get an auld sail, and rives awa the supple, then drives them a' to the back of the door, yet nane wan out; - see wi chitten and chappen, down comes the clay-hallen, and the her banks with Rab Reid the fidler, who crept up uide the heus for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride, when she got on her coat, she clapped Rabby's shoulder, and bade him spair their liver, for their's blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she; and that my beard can witnefs, quoth he. Sae they all came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith fast and fair that night; but daft Maggy Simpson sat by the fire, and picked bines a' the time o' the battle; indeed, quoth she, I think you're a' fools but myself; for I came here to get a guid supper, and ither fouk has gotten their skin well paid.

By this time, up got John the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but could na get his brecks; yet wi a horse nail, he tacked, his farktail between h's feet, that nane might see what every body should hide, and rampingly he cries, settle ye, or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and fasten your heads wi my auld supple.

Poor Rabby Reid the fiddler took a sudden blast; some said he was maw-run'd with the fa; for he bocked up a the barley and then he gart ale gae like a rainbow frae him, as brown as wort-brose. The hurly burly b'ing ended, and naithing but fair words and shaking of hands, which was a sure sign of agreement, they began to cow their cutted lags, and wash their fairs, a' but Jockey's mither, who cried out a black end on you and your wedding baith; for I hae gotten a hunder noles dung in my arse, wi the heckle teeth.

Jockey Answers, A e'en had you wi them than mither, ye'll be the better faird

Up gets uncle Rabby, and Sandy the Sater of Saggy-hole, to put every thing in order; they prappet up the bed wi a raik, and a rippling-kame, the bearers being broken, they made a solid bottom of pees, laid on the cauf bed and bowfters, where Jockey and Maggy was beded the second time. Jockey no being us'd to lie wi a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi his mither, gets his twa hands about the bride's neck, and his hough o'er her hurdies, saying, I never kist wife nor lass naked before, and for fainnels I'll bite you, I'll bite you, &c. Naithing mair remarkable till about hauf a year and four oucks thereafter, in comes Marion Mather rinnig bare-foot and barelegit, wi bleart cheeks and watery een, cursing and banning, greeting and flyting.

MARION Enters. And whar's John!

JOC. MITHER. Indeed he's out i' the yard powing kail-iurds.

MAR. A black end on him and his runts baith, for he's ruin'd me and my bairn.

JOC. MITHER. Ruin'd you! it canna be; he never did you ill, or said you ill, be night or by day, what gars you say that.

MAR. O women! our Jenny is a rowing like a pack of woo: indeed she's wi quick bairn, and your John is the father o't.

JOC. MITHER. Our John the father o't! had there enough said, lying lown, i'trouth our John was ne'er guilty of sic a sinsu action. Daft woman, i'trouth it 'ill be but wind that hoves up the lassie's weam; she'll hae drucken some four drink, like raw sowens or rotten milk that makes her sae.

MAR. A wae be to him and his actions baith, he is the father o't; fornicator dog that he is, he's ruin'd me and my bairn; I bore her and brought her up honestly, till she came to you; her father died and left me wi four o' them, there warn a ne o' them could pit on anither's claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

JOC. MITHER. I bid you had your tongue, an no even your bastards to my bairn, for he'll ne'er tak wi't; he poor silly lad, he wad ne'er look to a lass, be's to lay her down. Fy Maggy cry in o' John, and let's rasily't wi the auld runt: ay, ye'er no blate for saying sae.

MAR. Be ye angry, or be ye well pleas'd, I'll say it in your faces, and I'll ca' you before your betters or lang gae.

JOHN Enters. A what want ye now, is our brose ready yet.

MITH. Ay brose, black brose indeed for thee my bairn; here Marion Mushtat saying ye hae gotten her dochter wi bairn.

JOCK. Me mither! I ne'er lay in bed with her dochter a' my days; it 'ill be the young lairds, for I saw him kiss her at the Lammas fair, and let glam at her nonsense.

MITH. Ay, ay, my man Johnny, that's the way she has gotten her belly sow o' bairns; its no you, nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bastard-weans; a wheen filthy louns, every a ne louns on anither, and gies you the wyte of a'.

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MAR. You may say what you like about it; (its easy to ca' a court whar nae body's to say again) but I'll tell ye a' I ken about it, and that is what she told me, and you guidwife told me some o't yoursel; an ye had na brought Maggy wi her muckle tocher in atween the twa, your Jockey and my Jenny had been man and wife the day.

JOCK I wat well that's true.

MITH. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are you gann to confess wi a bastard an it no yours; dinna I ken as well as ye do wha's aught it?

JOCK Ay, ay, mither, we may a' deny as we will about it, but I doubt it come to my door at last.

MITH. Ye silly sumph, and senseless fallow, had ye been knuckle deep wi the dirty drab ye might said sae, but ye told me lang syne that ye could ne'er lo'e her, she was sae lazy and loon like; besides her bowd feet and bowd legs.

JOCK Ay, but mither, do you mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kifs at the black hole o' the peet stack: she rave the button frae my breeks, and wad gar me do't; and bade me do't, an could flesh and blood refuse to do't; I'm sare, mither, I could ne'er get her wi bairn and my breeks on.

MITH. Na, na, poor simple silly lad, the wean's no yours, ilk ane louns on another, and you'll get the wyte of a' the battards round about.

Up gets Maggy wi a roar, and rives her hair, cries her back, belly and baith her sides; the weed, gut and gravel gies thro my flesh like lang needles, nails, or elshin irons. Wae be to the day that e'er I saw his face, I had better a married a tinkler or followed the fogers, as mony a honest man's dochter has done and liv'd a better life than I do.

Up gets Jockey and rins o'er the rigs, for John Roger's wife, auld Katie the howdy, but or he wan back, she parted wi patrick thro perfect spite, and then lay twafald o'er the stool in a swoon.

JOCK A well, a well, sirs, since my first born is e'en dead, without seeing the light of the world; yeze a' get bread and cheese to the blyth meat, the thing we shoud a war'd on the banquet will sare the burial, and that will ay be some advantage: an Maggy should die, I maun een take Jannet; the tane is as far a length as the tither; I'll be furnisht wi a wife between the twa.

But Maggy grew better the next day, and was able to help to muck the byre; yet there gaed sic a tittle tattling thro' the town, every auld wife tauld anither o't, and a' the light hippet hiffies that rins between towns, at e'en, tugging at the tow rocks, spread it round the kintry: and every body's mouth was filled wi Jockey and Jenny, an how Maggy had parted wi bairn.

At last Meis John Hill here's o' the horrid action, and sends the elder o' the quarter and Clinkem Bell the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the session, and to see how the stool of repentance wad set them; no sooner had they entered the door but Maggy sa's a greeting, and ringing her hands; Jockey's mither fell a sitting, and he himself a rubbing his legs, and riving his hair, saying, O gin I ware but a hauf-ell langer, I wou'd be a foger or be lang: and gie me a good flail, or a corn fork, I shou'd kill Frenchmen anew, before I gaed to face your sitting ministers, and be set up like a world's wonder, on their cock-stool or black-stool; and wha can bide the shame whan every body looks to them, wi their sacken fark's or gown on them, like a piece of an auld canvas prickt about a body, for naithing, but what every body does amaist, or they be married, as well as me?

MITH. My man Johnny, ye're no the first that has done it, and ye'll not be the last; e'en mony o' the ministers has done it themselves, hout ay, your father and I did it mony a time.

MAG. Ay, ay, and that gars your son be so good o't as he is; the thing that is bread i' the flesh is ill to put out o' the bane.

MITH. Dast woman, what way coud the warid stand, if fouk wad na mak use o' ither? its the thing that's natural, bairns getting; therefore its no to be scunnert at.

MAG. Ay, but an they be for the like o' that, they should marry.

MITH. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it ance or twice or they be married; its an unco thing till a body to be bound to a business, if they dinna ken whither they be able for it or no.

MAG. Ay, ay' that's your way o' doing, and his, but its no the way o' ither honest fouk, see what the minister will say to't.

MITH. The minister is but a mortal man, and there's defections in his members as well's in mine.

MAG. Ay, but fouk should ay strive to mortify their members.

MITH. An is that your Whigry? Will you or ony body else, wi your mortifying o' your members, prevent what's ordain'd for aye; will ye or the minister either, hinder what's to come to pass? I wish I saw the minister and his elders; but I'll gie him scripture for a' he's done: tell na me about the mortifying o' members, Gin he has gotten a bastard, let him and her feed it atween them, an they shoud gie it soup about; but she maun keep it the first quarrier, an be that time muckle Blacklady 'ill be caust, we sall sell the cauf and foster the wean on cows milk: that's a better menise for a fault, than a your mortifying o' your members, and your repenting-stools; a wheen papist rires, fasting fouk, sack goons and buttock-males, an I dinna ken what, abide you till I see the minister.

The End of the Second Part.



JOCKEY and MAGGY:

O R, T H E

Wonderful Works of our JOHN.

P A R T III.

NOW Jockey and his mither went into the little byre, and held a private meeting, nane present but guld Bruckie, and the twa brutes the bits a couities.

HIS MOTHER Ye silly dog, and be drown'd to you, how cou'd ye confess sae meikle to maeslie shanket mairren, although she be her mither,

JOCKEY O mither, mither, say nae mair, my ain wand has dung me dourly. Sadly have I suffered for that, and ye ken a' the misery's come o'er our Maggy, my mouth's aye mither o't, sae haud your tongue I tell you now.

MITHER And tell ye me to haud my tongue, and ye had a haunden your tongue and your tail, and a done as I bade you, ye had nae hane sae meikle ado the day, dast silly dog it thou is.

JOCKEY Mither, mither, gie's nane of your mocks nor mails, for thou I got the wean, ye hae as much the wyte o't as I. Gae seek me out my three new farks, and Sunday's shoon, and I'll gae where never man saw my face before, neither woods, water, nor wilderness, shall haud me again.

MITHER My braw man Johnny, ye manna do that: stay at hame wi me, and set a stout heart till a stay brae, I'll gae to the session wi you, gang when ye like.

JOCKEY A well mither, I sall do your bidden for ance yet, but when the minister flytes on me, answer ye him, for I canna speak again.

MITHER Sae nae mair, I hae pockful of perfect petitions to louse and put to him and his elders, and it thou

maun gae to their black stool, it can be thee thy lane shall sit on't.

JOCKEY But mither, whither will I deny the doing o' or confess wi' the ballad.

MITHER Ay, ay, confess ye did it, but say but ance and that was on the terms of marriage the way that a' our kinty ballads is gotten.

Now Jockey being three times summoned to the session and did not appear, the session issued for a warrant from the justice of the peace, which was readily granted, more for diversion than justice sake, the warrant being given to John King, the constable, who went away with Clinkam Bell, on Saturday morning, and caught John just at his breakfast, hauls him away, and a' ilka o'xter, like twa fiesher's dogs hinging at a bill's beard, his mither followed, driving him up with good counsels, saying, My braw man Johnny, haud up your head, and dinna think shame, for a your fauts are perfect honesty, you're neither a thief, whore, nor horse stealer. Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabbie, and uncle Rabbie sent to Sandy the fouter of Siggyhole: the fouter saddled his mare and uncle Rabbie got off at the gallop on his grey powney, west the hags and owre by White hill fluch, the nearest, and was at Sir James's, the Justices, lang or John was brought into judgment.

John enters before the justice, with a red, red face like a weel pay'd arse, he faus down on his knees, saying, Guideen Mr Justice, Sir James, and it please your honour ye mauna put me in prison, for I'm no a malefactor, but a poor, honest kinty man, that was born in an ill planet, my mither says I had the ill luck of a misfortune to fa' foul wi' fornication, and got my mither's lass wi' barn the last year, and they're gaun to father't on me the year again.

The justice smiling answer'd, Indeed John I think it is but very just and reasonable, that ye be accountable this year, for your last year's labours.

JOCKEY Ay, ay, sir, I have laboured very fair since my father died, but our plough canna get gane for frost this four days.

JUSTICE Ay but John, that's no what I mean, it's the child ye got last year ye must be answerable for this.

JOCKEY A deed, sir, there was twa o' them, but there is ane o' them dead.

JUSTICE A well then John, you'll have the more to give this one that's living.

JOCKEY O, but sir, its my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife; I Jinna ken whether the tither be mine or no,

JUSTICE Yours or no sir, when ye told me ye got it; if ye should get it with a beggar wife at the back of a dyke, what is that to the porpote, when it is of your getting, you must maintain it.

JOCKEY O yes sir, I am not refusing to gie meat and meal to maintain it; but my mither winna let me to the black stool.

JUSTICE Why not go to the black stool, when guilty of such a black action, as deserves it; if you have any reasons why ye should not go, argument it in the session and clear yoursel if ye can.

John's mother Enters, and adresses herself to the servant lass, instead of the justices lady.

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a country guidwife, like mysel, I could tell you about it, but you that's gentles, I canna use freedom wi' you, cause I haena latin, but waes me we that's poor souk is born to mony feelins and backward faus, this lad is my son, and an his mither, he has had the foul fortune to get a ballard bairn, nae doubt but we has been a' guilty of as muckle, and ne'er a word about it, what say ye.

Off goes the lass, saying, Foulfa the wife, for I was never guilty o't.

JUSTICE Well guidwife, what's the reason but ye let your son give satisfaction to the kirk.

MOTHER Deid sir, he's no denying the bairn, but he'll no hae the black stool.

JUSTICE Ay, but I tell you, them that gets a ballard gets the black stool to the bargain, and as he is in my hands now, he must find caution that he'll anwer the session, and be subject to the law.

MITHER Ony thing ye like, sir, but that shamefull stance the black-stool, here's uncle Rabbie, and auld Sandy the fouter, will caution that we's face the session on Sunday, the lad's wae enough he did it, but c. noo help now, the wean is born and by hand, sae guidnight wi' your honour's ladyship, its the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sunday, after sermon, the session met, John and

The mither is called on, he enters courageously saying, Guiddeen to Mr Minister, Bellman and Elders a', my mither and me is baith here.

MISS JOHN Then let them in, come awa, guidwife. What is the reason ye keep your son so long back from answering the session? you see it is the thing you're obliged to do at last.

MITHER Deed sir, I think there needs na be nae mair wark about it, I think when he's gien the lazy hucker, the mither o't, baith meal and grots to maintain't, ye need na fash him, he's a duryiu' father indeed, well I wat, when he feeds his bastard sae weel.

MISS JOHN Woman, art thou a hearer of the gospel? that ye reject the dictates of it: how come ye to despise the discipline of the church? Is not offenders to be rebuked and gross sinners to confess their sins openly before the congregation.

MITHER Yes, sir, a' that's very true, I have been three or four times thro' the Bible and new Testament, and I could never see a repenting stool in't a'; then where could the first o' them come frae, Apostles had nae o' them. But a daft history tells me, that the first o' them was used about Rome, among the Papists, and ay when any o' the papists turn'd Whigs, they were put on four neuked thing like a yarn-wintel blades and rave a' their gouts sinder, till they turn'd papists again; and then for anger they put th'm on a black stane or stool, in the mids o' the kirk, and the seck goon about them, wi' the picture o' the de'il on't, sweet be wi' us, we should na speak o' the ill thief in the kirk, but it is a mercy the minister's here, so that was the original of our repenting stools, and when the Whigs chased away the Papist fouk out of this kintry, they left a wheen of their religious things; and the stool of repentance was among the fouk, but yese no get my son to be set upon a thing as he'n as a hen bawk, and lika body to glowre at him.

MISS JOHN Woman, I told you formerly that any who refuses submission to the government of the church is liable to excommunication: and that we are to put the law in execution against adultery and fornication, or the sin thereof lies partly at our door.

MITHER As for your sin of adultery, I hae naething ado wi' it; I own my son is a fornicator, and ye can neither mak him better nor war than he is, there's no

man can keep a standing in their ain hand, fortune I mean, if it be a sin let him confess't and forsake it, and we's pay the buttock-meal and mak nae mair about it.

MESS JOHN Guidwife, ye need not think your son will pass so, more than others that has been before him, he must actually come before the congregation three sabbaths before he be absolved from the scandal, and get the benefit of any church privileges like an honest man.

MITHER Indeed Mess John my son will never set his hips upon't, if he maun come before you, He gar him stand a bit a back back frae't, and hear what ye hae to say about fornication, twa harmless free bodies passing their tryals to see what they can do, ye that's great Whigs may mak enough o't, but I think na muckle about it.

MESS JOHN Woman ye may go hame and see what ye have to do, ye have a very bad tongue; its no you we are to take an account of.

MITHER Ay, ay, ye that's ministers and modist founk may say far, but if my son had a tane as good tent of his tail as I can do of my tongue, there had na been fae muckle about it, a wheen silly founs kens na what they were made for or how to guide a thing when they get it.

MESS JOHN Put her out, she's going to speak bawdy.

MITHER O ay, fir, He gang out, but I'll hae my bairn out wi' me.

MESS JOHN We must first ask some few questions at him, there is na harm can come on him here.

MITHER For as good company as you think yourselves, I wad rather hae him in anither place.

John's kept in and his mother put out.

MESS JOHN Well John, you must tell us whether this child was gotten before ye was married, or since; for I suppose by the time of the birth; it was much about the same time.

JOCKEY Hout ay, fir, it was gotten lang or I was married, I need na forget the getting o't, it was na fae easy to me.

MESS JOHN How long is it since ye was first acquaint.

JOCKEY Just when he came to be my mither's lafs, I never saw her but ance before, and gin I had never seen her, I had never kend her after sic a fashion.

MESS JOHN How lang was the serving with your mother?

JOCKEY Just twa year, or four haillets; and I got her wi' bairn about a year after she came, and its no a year since I was married.

MESS JOHN Dear John their is a contradiction indeed, a woman cannot go two years with child.

JOCKEY Deed sir, it was then the wean was gotten.

MESS JOHN Ah John, John, I find you out to be a sinful liver, you and that woman has had carnal dealings for some time; it is ill keeping the cow out of the corn, if she once get a way of doing it, ye should a married the woman, when ye cohabited together.

JOCKEY No, sir, we did na cowhabit together; tho' she kist me, and I kist her sometimes in the barn, and sometimes in the byre; nane kent but my mither, and she wad na let me tak her, but sent me to court Maggy.

His mother cries thro' the hole of the door, Ah ye senseless lumph, is that a' the thanks I get, for counseling you to do well; were na me, ye wad a been married on a lounlike, leepit, lazy lump, wha had neither wit nor wyles, or so much judgment is to ken how to wyse the wind frae her tail, but lute it gang afore fouk.

Up gets the elders crying, Fy, fy, Duncan the Bellman, drive that wicked wife from the door, she disturbs us. Duncan rins to the door, whispering, Shame fa' the wife gang out of that, but I wad rather hear you as hear them.

MESS JOHN Now John will you be so plain as tell me whether ye promise to marry that woman or no, when ye lay with her.

JOCKEY Na, sir, I did na ly wi' her, for the herd and me lay in the byre bed, and she lay in the laagsadde at the hallan-end.

MESS JOHN Its all one whether ye lay with her or not, when ye have got her with child, that's what ye confets.

JOCKEY I ken a whether I got her wi' bairn or no, but I did wi' her as I did wi' maggy, when she fell wi' bairn.

MESS JOHN But the question is, Whether or no, did ye promise to marry her when that child was gotten?

JOCKEY Hui, sir, ye wad fash fouk spiering a' thing, it was her thar promise to marry me for the getting o't.

MESS JOHN Indeed, John, you seem to have been a parcel of loose livers altogether.

JOCKEY A loose, fir, I wish I were loose yet, better be loose than bound to an ill stake.

MESS JOHN I see its needless for me to enquire any farther into this matter, I find you out guilty, therefore, you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance on Sabbath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

JOCKEY Indeed, Mr Minister, I'm very easy about repentance, and for your stool, its a feat I'm very indifferent about, for I'm but bashfu', and as I was never guilty of getting bastards, either before or sinfyne, except in thoughts, words, deeds and actions, I think ye may een let me pass, I suffered enough wi' the clasp o' the kintry, and loss o' my ane wean, it was na a bastard, ye canna gar me stand for that.

MESS JOHN You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like of you shall neither have lawful child nor bastard, and I admire that such an idiot as you was allowed to be married to any woman; and you James who is elder of that proportion, shall have given information, before he was joined to a wife.

ELDER Indeed, fir, ye ken very well, he answered the questions, at the exenmon, better nor any other fouks, and I think he is best married, for he might a gotten mae bastards and saht us.

JOCKEY Indeed fir, its very true, for when I ance got the gate of woman, I cou'd na bide aff them, but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wadna let me do nae-thing but kiss and kittle her till we were married.

MESS JOHN I'll ask no more questions at him; call on his mother [*On which she came immediately in*] Guid-wife, we have ordered your son to appear three Sabbaths on the stool, and there be reproved before the congregation publicly; and be absolved from scandal.

MITHER Then the ill thief be in his a--e, Mess John gin e'er he set a hip on't, my bairn on your black stool wadna't be a great blunder on the auld black face o't, for my son to gang on't before the young laird, wha has awa bastards, and has never set a hip o't yet, and he's continually riding on the hullies, and to this day, them that winna let him, he rives their dudes and kicks their douns. Dear Mess John ye gie gentle fook a toleration to whore, fornicate and kiss ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten marks and gie't to me and my son.

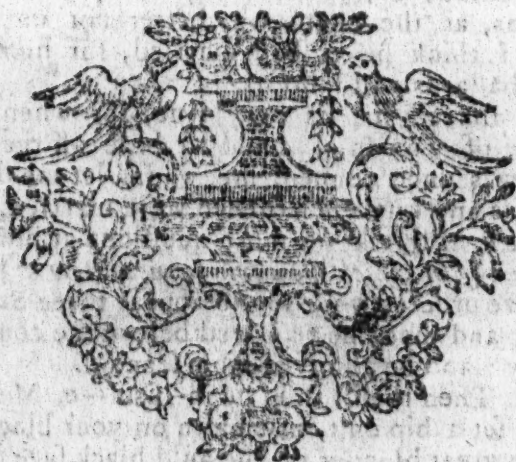
MESS JOHN And what shall we do with those odious persons?

ELDERS Indeed, sir, we see not what we can make of them:

MESS JOHN Make of them, we'll exclude them from all church benefit, and lay them under the lesser excommunication.

MOTHER Indeed, sir, tak your mind o't, as our cat did o' the haggies, when she sippet it a' and crapt in o' the bag. If ye winna' christen the wean, ye canna hinder us to cast a cogfu o' water in the face o't, and ca't any thing we like.

So off she goes shutting Jockey before her, so John went and pist on the auld minister's widow's gavel, and there was nae mair about it.



THE FOURTH PART

O F

JOCKEY and MAGGY:

Containing a Description of what pass between Jockey's Mother, and Jennet's Mother, when they went to see his Bastard Child: with his Mother's Reason why Bastards are of quicker Nature than other Children.

NOW Jockey and his mither came hame together, chick for chaw cracking together like twa hand guns.

MOTHER I true I have fought well this day, and won the field cunningly, when I hae conquered a' the canker'd carles about the kirk.

JOCKEY Indeed mither I think ye are a better man nor the minister, an gin ye had arithmatock and latin to ken the kittle figures, you may preach as well as he.

MOTHER I true, Jock, lad, the black stool of repentance ne'er got sick a rattle as I hae gin it the day.

JOCKEY Na, na, mither a' the whore mungers that ever set a hip on't kens na sa meckle about the auld foundation o't as ye do.

MOTHER But Johnny an thou wad start i' the morning, the first o' the daff days, and that's on munday, ye an I wad go and see the daff jade, Janny the mither o't.

JOCKEY Wi' a my heart mither, but we maun gi't something an it were but an auld sarvet, or an auld fark to keep the hips o't warm, young weans is ay wet about the a—e ye ken.

MOR A well than Johnny, I'll cry to thee when the hens begins to keckle, an that's about the break o' day, and we's be ready to tak the road agin Torry-burn daylight, whan we'll ken a t—d by a stane.

Up gets Maggy, Jockey's mither in the morning puts on the kettle, and makes her yool-sowens, the mickle pot hang on the fire a' night wi' the chick of an auld cows head; skums off the fat, and makes a great cog o' brose, then pouts on a chappen of clean greze like oil, which

made a brave supple breakfast for Jockey and his mither, and Maggy got the cog to scart.

The brose being done and a' thing ready, he halteres the black mare, lays on the funks and a coveren, fine furniture for a country wife,

Jockey mounts and his mither behind him, trots awa till they were coming down the brae abun John Davie's wall; the auld beast being unfeery o' the feet, it fund'red before, the girth and curpie broke, Jockey tumbled o'er her luggs, and his mother out o'er him in the wall wi' a flung.

JOCKEY Ay, ay, mither tho' I fell ye needed na faun a bune me, and gin he had a lyen where ye lighted first, ye wodna tumbled into the wall; its an unco thing that a body canna get a fa' but ye maun fa' abune them; auld rudoch it thou is, and thou had a hauden better by the rumple, ye wadna a bruiled a' my back wi' your auld hard beans, nor a wat yoursel sae, and see how ye hae drummeld John Davie's wall.

Mo. Hech, quo she, I wonder gin I be killed? thou alwise wont to get the word of a good rider baith upon hiffies and horse, but an this be thy management thou's little worth, feld'd the beans that bore thee! sic an a baith as I hae gotten to my yool, thou cou'dna gie me a war bed nor a water hole in a cauld frosty morning; wae be to thee an that ill gotten gear of thine, O! let never a better bounty be gotten wi' bastards getting, and this is so much o' the fruits of fornication, a war stance nor a black stool yet.

JOCKEY Let's a be wi' your auld jants about bastards getting, or I'll gie you the wind o' the mare's tail, and gar yon wammel hame and a your wate coats about you.

Mo. Na, na, my man Johnny, haud the auld jade till I loup on, we came together and we's gang together.

JOCKEY Wi' a my heart mither, but yonder the house and the hens on't, the Lum's ricking rairly, but little ken they wha's coming.

Jockey came to Janny's door, and Janny was in bed, so goes his mother and in goes his mare, himself follows after and crics, how's a' here.

MOTHER Hech sirs, is that poor body in her bed yet?

MARRION Answers.

Well I wat she's in her bed; and cauld, cauld, and comfortless is her lying; bastart's getting is just like lent

gear, is seldom or never well paid back again; but my poor lassie coud na done war nor she's done, O gin she had a yielded her body to some bit hird laddie he wou'd a seen her lang or now.

MR. A dear Marron what wad ye be at? De ye think that our John wha has a wife o' his aine, coud come an wait upon her, as she were a dame of honour, or yet an honest man's wife, poor silly lown it she is; and he had thought on what he was com'd of he wad ne'er a offered benevelance to the like o' her.

MARRION An ye hadna been as great an instrogater against his making her duple ribbet, as ye are now against his doing Justice for the filthy jimcrack he's geen her, ye wadna need it to ca' her silly lown the day, and him an honest man: But the ne'er an honest man wad a hoddled fae lang on a poor hissie and then a gane awa an a married another, for love of a pickle auld clouts an twa or three pock fu' o' tow; and she's but a silly lown indeed wad a lutsen him or ony rattle scull els, a shaken their tail so lang on aye, without his faith, and his trowth, and his sitt, before the minister.

MITHER A caul be your cast kimmer, do ye think it your dadeling Daughter's a match fit for my son John; I think less may sair, her father was but a poor cotter carle, and our John's father was a fermor, and altho' they hae faun foul of other, I think nae fairly o't; it's but a trick o' youth, an the course of youth must be out; she may thank good fortune and tell her friends, ay, and count it a credit that ever she bore a bastard to the like o' him; a good fu' fat fermor's son, but ae step laigher nor a hird.

MARRION A wae be to sic a credit it's no worth the cracking o', and where was his noble equals then when he bare to lay a leg on my poor lassie, poor clatty crony that thou is? and if thou ware beath ae man's mak I wad think naething o't: for there warn a niddle of differ between their Daddies, and what war they beath, but twa sticket Taylors at the best? Ye had as good a gane hame an a counted your bow keel stocks, as come to here to count kindred wi' me.

JOCKEY Hut awa daft witless wives I ken na what you're flyting about, I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing wally and like the world.

MARRION Indeed shall ye John, you'll see your son for very little filler, a muckle mouth'd heveral jutt like your fell.

The Child is presented.

JOCKEY Mither, mither, it has a muckle mouth jutt like mine, an fees wi beath it's een, and bit five days auld yet.

MITHER Dear Johnny thous no wife maun, wad thou hae the wean to be blind, the poor thing saw when it was new born.

JOCKEY I what ken I mither am no sae well skill'd as the' houndies and them that's ay hobeling weans, but I thought they had a been like the wee' bit's a whalpies nine nights auld o' they see ony.

MITHER Awa, awa, ye witlets widdy-fu, comparing a beast till a woman's ain bernie; a dog is a brute, a wean is a crissend creature.

JOCKEY Na mither it's no a crissend creature yet, for hit has neither gotten the words nor the water; nor as little do I ken how to ca't yet.

MARRION I wat well it's a very uncany think to keep about a house, or yet to meet in a morping, a body wanting a name.

MITHER Hout tout ay ye it's auld wives is fu o' frits and religious fashions, them that looks to frits, frits follows them, but I hae been six and thirty years a married wife, and I never kend a sabbath day by anither ane.

MARRION Dear good-wife what needs ye speak sa loud? Ye fright the wean wi' crying sae, see as it starts.

MITHER Ay, ay, the bastarts is a that way, but ken ye the reason o' that

MARRION Ye that kens the reason of every thing may soon find out that too.

MITHER A deed than woman I'll tell you, the merry begotten weans, it's bastarts I mean, is reed wood, haf witted hillekit sort o' creatures; for an it be not ane amang twinty o' them they are a scard o' the getting, for there's few of them gotten in bedsluke honest fouk's bairns; but in out houses, auld barns, and back of dykes and kill loges, whar there's ae somebody wandering about to scar poor needfu' persons at their Job of jurnay wark; or well ken I a the gait's o't, experience gars me speak.

JOCKEY A deed mither that's very true, for whan I was getting that wean at the black hole o' the peat stack. John Gammel's muckle Colly came in behind us wi' a Bow wow, of a great goul just abune my buttocks : and as I am a sinner, he gart me loup leveruck hight, and yet we got the wean for a' that.

MOTHER A well than Johnny that makes my words good yet.

Jennet answers out of the Bed.

JENNET A shame fa' your fashens, ye hae na muckle to keep, when ye tell how it was gotten, or what was at the getting o't.

JOCKEY I shame fa' your fell Janny for I hae gotten my part o' the shame els, and gin ye hadna tell'd first there wad nane kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammel's auld Colly, and he's no a sufficient witness.

MARRION. Now good-wife amang a the tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wean to be maintain'd ?

MOTHER I'll chance on your auld black mouth Marron, did not I send you my good sprittald Hen, a pund o' Butter and a sixpence; forby a Lippy o' grots and a furlate of Meal; make her a good cog o' brose, and a good knoist o' Butter in them to fill up the hole whar the lown came out, and I'll send mair or that be done.

MARRION An it be hane better nor the last ye may een keep it a' yourself; your grot meal, and gray meal, sand dust and feeds, course enough to feed cocks and hens, besides a woman in her condition.

MOTHER A foul be your gab, ye're a' sae gash o' your gebbys; a whein fools that stives up your gutfes wi' good meat to gar worms turn wanton and wallop in your wames; feed yourselfs as I do, wi' hackt keal brose, made o' grot meal and gray meal, sand feeds, dust and wake shillen, ony thing is good enough to fill the guts and make a T—d of.

JOCKEY Na, na, mither, an the wean wad suck our Maggy, I sud tak it hame in my oxter.

MOTHER O ye fool. Maggy's milk is a' mould salt and saples lang syne : but I true she wad keb at it, as the black ewe did at the white ew's lamb the last year, sae speak nae mare o' Maggy's milk, no to compare a cat to a

creature, the yeal cats is never kind to kittlens, and the maidens bairns is a' unco well brade.

JOCKEY Na, na, ye are a' mistane mither, Maggy has milk yet, for every pap she has is like a burn-pig, I'll warrant ye they'll haud pints the piece.

MOTHER My man Johnny let them keep the wean that has the wean, we'll never miss a pock fu' of meal now and than, I wadna hae my bed pist and blankets rotten for a bow o' the best o't.

JOCKEY O mither, I can na lea't, I like it fae well, it has twa bonny glancing een, just like mine, in a kikin glass, I wonder how I was able to get the like o't, Indeed mither I think mair o' it, nor I do of my gray horse, Maggy, and the four ky.

MOTHER My man Johnny ye are at na strait about bairns getting, nane needs to gang to London to lear that auld trade: ye ken very well when ane gets warklums right to their hand, nature will teach them how to fa to.

JOCKEY Now fare ye well Jannet, that wean is well worth the workmanship I'll warrant you, well I wat, ist.

JANNET Good night wi' you John, but O man thou's ruind my fortune, I'll never get mare of a man nor I hae gotten, and dear dear, have I suffered for what I hae done, and if thou had a bellowed thyself on me, ye see what a bairn time we wad a hane.

MOTHER Thou says it thou suffered sadly for what thou's done, but tho' they wad tak the hide o'er thy een holes it wadna tak the inclination out o' thee; for thou'll do't again, but it's no be wi' my bairn I'll warrant you: and now Johnny come awa hame to thy hauf marrow and use thy freedom as formerly thou'll hae weans thick and three fauld; I'll make thee a Decoction of cock stanes and chicken broe, will gar thee cock thy tail like a Mavies and canter like a Gallaway Toop.

The End of the Fourth Part.

The FIFTH and last PART of

JOCKEY and MAGGY.

*Being an account of Jockey's Mother's Death and Burial;
the Baptizing of his two Children, and how he mounted
the Stool. With an Elegant Elegy and Epitaph, on
the Occasion.*

AS Jockey and his mither came hobeling hame together on the out-side o' the auld doil'd beast, his mither's black mare; a wae fu' misfortune befell them; her hinder-lets being wickedly wet in John Davies well that morning, and it being a frosty night her coats was a' frozen round about her, and the hard harn sark play'd clash between her legs like a wet dishcloth, her teeth gaid like a rattle-bag till about haf gae hame; then she was suddenly seized wi' a rumbling in her muckle bag, what we kintry fouk ca's a rush i the guts; Jockey was tash'd helping her af and helping her on, fule, far, and dirty was the road, having like half a r—d at every tadder length.

JOCK Deed mither I doubt death has something to do wi' you, for there's a rumbling in your weime like ane auld wife kirning.

MITH. Hout tour I canna hear o't, but there'll be na fear o' me now, I'm safe at my ain door, thanks to thee an the auld beast it brought me; heat my feet wi' the bannock-stane and lay me in my bed, sling four pair o' blankets an a can'os on me, I'll be well enough an ance I were better; swieth Maggy gae mak me a cogfu' o' milk brose, and a placks worth o' spice in them, nae fear of an auld wife as lang as she's louse behin an can tak meat.

JOCK A fe be't, mither; a e'en fill up the bofs o' your belly, you'll stand to the storm the better, I fe warran ye never die as lang as ye can tak your meat.

BEN comes M. ggy wi' the brose; but four soups an a stage fill'd her to the teeth, till she began to bock them back ag'in and ding awa the dish.

JOCK Ah mither mither, I judge there's mair ado wi' you nor a dish to lick; whan ye refuse gude milk meat, am doubtfu' your mouth be gaun to the mules.

MITH. A dear Johnny an no willen to die if I could do better; but this will be a fair winter on auld frail fouks, yet an I wad grow better I might live this twenty year yet an be nae auld wife for a' that; but alake a day there is many auld fouks dieing the year.

JOC. A deed mither there is fouks dieing the year that never died before.

MITH. Dear Johnny wilt thou bring me the docter he may do some guid, for an my heart war na sick an my head sa fair I think I may grow better yet.

JOC. A weel mither, I'll bring the docter, the minister, the elder an my uncle.

MITH. Na, na, bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks'll do me but little guid, I dinna want to see his powder'd pow, an I in sic an ill condition; get me a pint o' drams in the muckle bottle, an set it in the hole in the back side o' my bed.

JOCK. A deed mither ye're in the right o't, for ye want to be weel warm'd within to chace the cauld wind an frosty water out at your backside.

Then awa he rins to Draff Megs at the kirk-town, and brings a bottle in every hand, out wi the cork an gies her ane in o'er, she sets it to her gab and swattels up a mutchkin at a waught, which was like to worry her, till she fell a risting on roaring like an auld blunderbush.

MITH. Hech-hay, co' she, but that maks an alteration an wears awa the wind.

Wi' that her head fell to the cod an she fought awa like a very faint or drunken sinner.

JOCK. O! Maggy, Maggy, my mither's lost her breath, she'll no live lang without it, I doubt she be dead already, an nae body seen her but ye an I ourselfs twa; and we had been fair o'er seen it mak soa. I'll no had this a fair strea death indeed, fy, Maggy, cry in o' the neighbours to see her die, altho' she be dead; O an she wad but shake her fit or wag her muckle tae, it wad ay be some satisfaction: but in comes the neighbours in a hush, dinging ither down in the door.

JOCK. Come awa sirs, for my mither's as dead as a Mauk, good be thanket for't; but I'd rather it had a been the black mare, or the muckle riggat cow, for well I wat I'll een miss her, for she was a bra' spinner o' tow; an cou'd a cardet to twa muckle wheels, she had nae fault but ane, and that was her tongue, but she'll speak nae

mair, sy gets a dale or a barn door to straught her on, for ay whan she was cauld she was uncob kankert an ill to cutch, but I'se hae her yarded or Wednesday te'en.

Come, come, says Maggy, we maun hae her drest.

JOCK. What does the fool mean? wad ye drest a dead woman, she'll never gang to kirk nor market a her days again.

MAG. A dear John be easy, ye ken she maun na be buried as she is, a fark an a winden-sheet, is the least she can get.

JOCK. A ha Maggy is that what ye mean, she has a guid now winden sheet, it was never about her shoulders yet, so Maggy do't a' yoursell, and I'se gar Clinkem bebb misure the grave and mak it.

Now when they brought out the corps John told the people they were a' welcome, to hand in a cheek o' his auld mither wad the gate; an being laid right on the spakes, hach ha' quoth he, this is bra honesty indeed, its mair bouck nor my bridal was; but when they came to the grave, it was o'er short an strait about the mouth which set John in a great passion, saying, a foul fa your naughty fashions master bell man, did not I packson wi' you for the bried o' my mither's back an the length o' her carkage? an this hole winna haud had ha' thou's get nze mair o' my change if I sude die the morn.

UNCLE RABIE. Whisht, whisht, stir, this sude be a day o' mourning for your mither, dinna fyte here.

JOCK. What the vengeance, uncle, sudna fouks die whan they're auld? an am I to pay for a hole an get but haf a hole; that's the thing vexes me, but I'se keep twopence out o' his trencher for't, an fa will I een; but gang ye hame uncle to get cog an cap for the dragery, an I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud an fell to the cheese an cheeks o' laves tath an nail, the ale was handed about incogs an caps, lashing it down o'er like bleechers water- ing their webs; John blutter'd in the cog like a cow in warm water till the barn an bubbles came belling out at his nose, saying a guid health to you a' round about, an shoon an shortly may we a' gang the gate my mither's gane, an I wish them a buring place amang dogs it speaks against it.

About eight and twenty weeks hereafter Maggy had a wally wean fu' o' weans to bear, and ay whan she

cryed, John cryed, which made a the kimmers and auld Ketty the Houdie laugh heartily to hear them.

KERRY Here now John, your wife's brought to bed wi' a bra lad bairn, gie him your blessing.

JOCK Weel I wae he's no want that; but an there had a been as muckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it sud ne'er a been gotten for me; come, come, get's in uncle Rabie, the corn-aiddle fu' o' three nucker scones, whang down the cheefe like peats, eat and drink as at my mither's dragery, till we forget our sorrow; an then we'll see Mess John about a name till him; since we see its the way o't, that the young comes into this world, an chaces out the auld, we maun crisen them an they maun burry us.

Now John and his uncle goes to the Minister, he enters saying guideen to you, Mr Minister, ye dina ken my mither's dead?

MINISTER Yes John I heard so, but how is your wife?

JOCK My wife stir, a wae worth her for the wives o' our town an I has gotten a waking night wi' her; but we' hae gotten her tum'd an flil'd again, she's born a bra' walley thumping fire, he'll hird the ky beiyve to me an he had huggers on him, an am com'd to you to get a bit name to him.

MINISTER A bit name to him John, if ye want no more but a name, ye may give him that yoursel.

JOCK Na but stir, I want baith the words an the water, an what ye say to either fouks say to me.

MINISTER Ay, but John you must give us security or satisfaction, your a man under scande'.

JOCK What the muckle mischief stir, tho' under scandal or abune scandal, will ye refuse to crisen my wean that's honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed beneath the blankets, 'cause I had a bastart, canna ye crisen the weel com'd one, let the bastart stand for its ain skaith without a name.

MINISTER No John, you have been too slackly dealt with. I'll bring you to obedience by law, since ye reject counsel.

JOCK. A deed sir I wad think nathing to stan' a time or twa on't to please you if there were nabody in the kirk, on an uke day, but you an the elders to fyte a wee on me; but its war on a Sunday to hae a' body look in an laughing at me as I had been coding the peas, sup-

pen the kirk, or something that's no bonny like pissing the bed.

MINISTER A well John never mind you these things, come ye to the stool, its nothing when its over, we cannot say o'er much to you about it.

Upon Sunday thereafter John comes wi uncle Rabbies auld wide coat, a muckle gray lang tail'd wig and a big bonnet, which cover'd his face, so that he seem'd more like ane ald pilgrim than a young fornicator; mounts the cruppy with a stiff, stiff back as he had been a man of sixty, every one looked at him, thinking he was some ald stranger who knew not the stool of repentance by anither seat, so that he pass'd the first day unknown but to very few, yet on the second it came to be so known that the whole parish and many more came to see him; which caus'd such a confusion that he was absolved, and got his children baptized next day.

But there happen'd a tussle between the twa mothers who would have both their names to be John's, a well a well says old John, their father, to the minister, deed sir you maun ca' the rean John and the tither Jock; an that will please baith these enemies o' mankind.

MINISTER A well John suppose ye do, it is still two John's nevertheless.

JOCK A deed sir, ye maun gie the wicked a their will, we's ca' the bastard Jock, an my son Johnny Bell, on wi't some way and let her ca't as she likes.

MINISTER A dear John but ye speak indifferently about this matter, ye know not the nature of it.

JOCK A mony thanks to you Mefs John, now whan ye hae crifend baith my bairn and my bastard, I hope you'll forgie me the buttock-meal?

MINISTER John I desire you to be silent and to speak none here; you must keep a straight walk in a time coming, free of scandal or offence.

JOCK Ay sir, an how think ye the like o' me can walk straight wi sic auld shivelin heel'd shune as mine amang sick rugh rigs an hous, as I hae to harl throw.

MINISTER I need not speak to you, ye are but a poor, mean, ignorant person.

JOCK Na sir, weel a wat am neither poor nor yet mean, my mither's fairly yirdet now, guid be thapkit, an left a' she had to Maggy an me.

MINISTER But here ye this John, ye must not kiss a-ny other woman but your own wife, live justly like a-nother honest christian, and you'll come to die well.

JOCK A black end on me fir, in ever I lay an un-lawfu' leg upon hissie again, and they sude lie down to me, while our Maggy lasts; an for dieing there's nae fear o' that, I'll no got fair play if ye an a' the aulder fouk in the parish be not dead before me, so I hae done wi ye now.

An Epitaph.

HERE lies the dust of John Bell's mither,
Against her will, death's brought her hither:
Clap in this hole, hard by his Daddy,
Death snatch'd her up, or she was ready.
Lang might she liv'd wer't not her weim,
But wha can live beyond their time?
There's nane laments her but the Suter,
So here she lies looking about her!
Looking about her, how can that be?
Yes, she sees her state better than we.

An Elegy upon the death of Jockey's Mother.

NOW a' body kens my mither's dead,
For weel a wat I bure here her head,
And in the grave I saw her laid.
It was een right drole,
For her to change a warm fire-side;
For a cauld kirk-hole.
But ev'ry ane tell't just like a sang,
That yon's the gate we' a' have to gang.
For me to do it, I think nae lang,
If I can do better,
For I true my mither thinks it nae saung,
What needs we' clatter.
But thanks to death ay for the future,
That did not let her get the Suter;
For about her gear there wad been a splutter,
An sae had been,
For he came ay snoking about her,
Late at teen.

For our Maggy watch't an faw,
My mither's back was at the wa',
But what was mair ha'h ha' bach ha',

She to do Yon stood little awe,

I winna tell,

Just like mysell.

But to gear was a' her drift,
An used mony a pinging shift;
About her spinning and her thrift,

She's gotten but little o't 'bune the Lift,

Was a her care,
Wi her to wear.

The DAFT BARGAIN. A Tale

AT market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them cost a cow:
Driving her hame, the needfu' Hacky
But ceremony chanc'd to k——,
Quoth Rab, right ravingly to Raff,
Gin ye'll eat that digested draff
Of Crummy, I shall quat my part.—
A bargain be't, with a' my heart,
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorbelt up without a gloom:
Syne till't he fell, and seem'd tight yap
His mealtyth quickly up to gawp;
Haff done, his heart began to scanner,
But lootna on till Rab strak under;
Wha searing skair of cow to time,
At his daft bargain did repins.
Well, well, quoth Raff, tho' ye was rash,
I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash;
Come sa' to wark, as I hae done,
And eat the ither haff as soon
Ye's save ye'r part,—Content, quoth Rab—
And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab:
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly seen.—My story's done.
Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn
To save the cow, and yet not eat her share.

The CLOCK and DIAL.

A E day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 And put his qualities to trial;
 Spake to him thus,—My neighbour, pray,
 Can'st tell me what's the time of day?
 The Dial said, ' I dinna ken,—
 Alake ! what stand ye there for then ?
 ' I wait here till the sun shines bright,
 ' For nought I ken but by his light.
 Wait on quoth Clock, I scorn his help,
 Baith night and day my lane I skelp;
 Wind up my weights but anes a week,
 Without him I can gang and speak;
 Nor like an usefless sumph I stand,
 But constantly wheel round my hand:
 Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour:
 And I am right, one—two—three—four.

While thus the Clock was boasting loud,
 The bleezing sun brak through a cloud;
 The Dial faithfu' to his guide,
 Spake truth and laid the thumper's pride:
 • ye see, said he, I've dung you fair,
 • 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
 • My friend, he added, count again,
 • And learn a wee to be less vain:
 • Ne'er brag of constant claverin' cant.
 • And that you answers never want;
 • For you're not ay to be believ'd:
 • Wha trusts to you may be deceiv'd.
 • Be counsell'd to behave like me;
 • For when I dinna clearly see,
 • I always own I dinna ken,
 • and that's the way of wisest men.

10 JUL 52

F I I S

